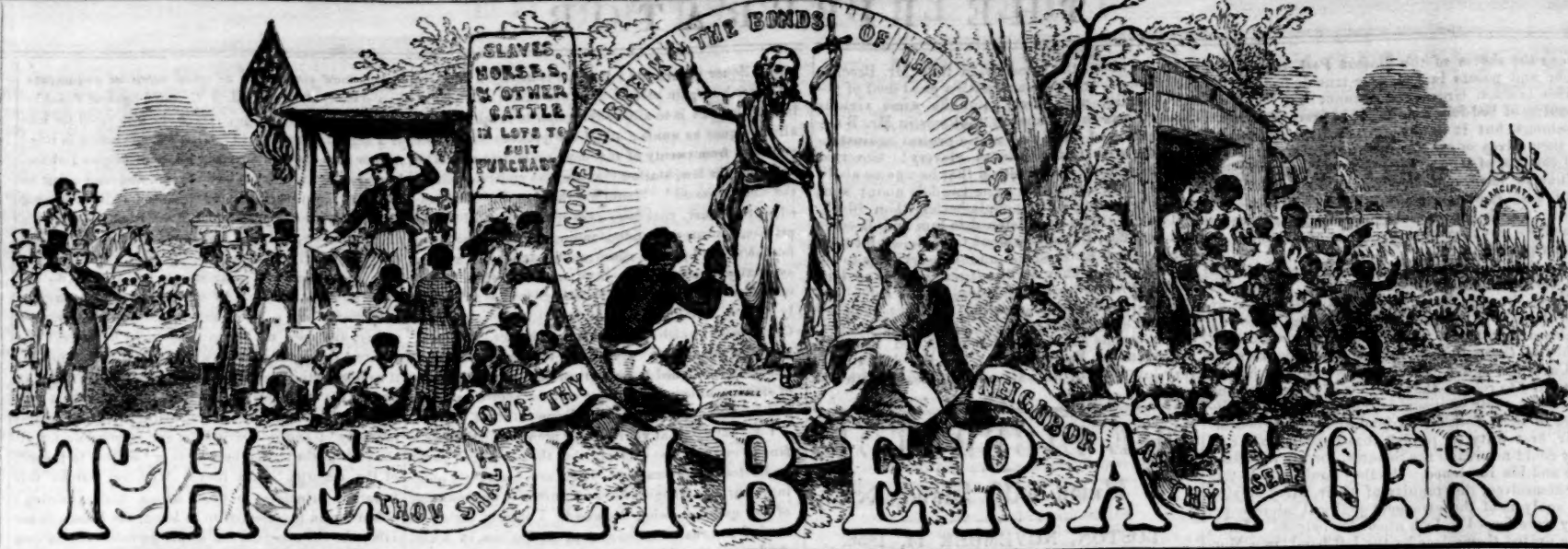


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Pennsylvania and Ohio Anti-Slavery Societies are au-
thorized to receive subscriptions for the Liberator.
The following gentlemen constitute the Financial
Committee, but are not responsible for any of the debts
of the paper, viz:—FRANCIS JACKSON, ELLIS GRAY
LORGE, EDWARD QUINCY, SAMUEL PHILLIPS, and
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.
In the columns of THE LIBERATOR, both sides of
every question are impartially allowed a hearing.



No Union with Slaveholders!
THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS A COVENANT WITH DEATH
AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.
"You! IT CANNOT BE DENIED—THE slaveholding
lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their
assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to
SECURE THE FERTILITY OF THEIR DOMINION OVER THEIR
SLAVES. The first was the immunity, for twenty years,
of preserving the African slave trade; the second was
the stipulation to SURRENDER FUGITIVE SLAVES—AN
engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God,
delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the enactment, fatal
to the principles of popular representation, of a repre-
sentation for SLAVES—of articles of merchandise, under
the name of persons.... In fact, the oppressor repre-
sented the oppressed.... To call government thus consti-
tuted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of
mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of
riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the
government of the nation is to establish an artificial
majority in the slave representation over that of the
free people, in the American Congress; and THEREBY
TO MAKE THE PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETU-
ATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT
OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT."—John Quincy Adams.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.
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REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

SLAVERY THE BASIS OF REPUBLICAN- ISM—RE-OPENING OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

From the New Orleans Delta.
Slavery is national, and not sectional. It was
not in the colonial days which preceded the
Revolution. It was introduced originally with the
colonization and through the exertion of the mother
country, was received into all the Colonies, and
was an institution in every State at the period of
the formation of the present Constitution. Not
only this; every one of the original thirteen States
plainly recognized it as an object of national
importance and having a national existence, by
ratifying the Constitution which covered it by an
express guarantee in its favor of the slaveholder.

Such, briefly, are the true origin and political
character of an institution now territorially pecu-
liar to the South, which is denounced and assailed as
sectional by one half of the Union, and is declared
to be hostile to the principles on which the Con-
stitution is founded, and a sin against God and man. But
we are not to be misled by the ranting fanaticism
of the shallow sophistries of hypocritical philan-
thropy we have here to do.

We have a proposition to lay down that may
appear startling to many because it is new, but
which will have weight and authority as it is based on both philosophy
and experience. We, therefore, declare that slavery
is not only national, of origin and right, but
it is essential to republican nationality. But
if slavery, Republicanism would have long since
become a tale in these United States.

But the stern and unflinching indication of
the rights of white men by the independent citizen
of the slaveholding States, whom power could not
intimidate, capital buy, or monopoly crush,
the Consistency would have long since been merged
into a central despotism, as cruel and relentless
as any that ever oppressed and impoverished a
people. The hands of the working poor, and
the manufacturing monopoly on the one hand,
combined with the large monarchical element which,
it is useless to deny, has always existed in the
country, would have been able to effect this, but
for the steady, manly opposition of the Southern
people, and the mastery exerted by the States
men to frustrate the designs of that "Holy Alliance"
against the rights and liberties of white
men.

It was in slavery that the conservative element
of Republicanism was found to overcome this re-
publican movement toward the annihilation of
dividual dignity, the rights of the working poor,
and the subjugation of the country to
monopoly and a central power. It is
among the slaveholding population that Republican-
ism has had its true home and only defence.—
It is they who have made the Union what it is
morally and politically. It is only they who
can maintain a safe and honorable Union,
and enjoy rational liberty.

Slavery is an institution in all the ancient re-
publics, but in two we have eminent examples.—
In Rome, the mightiest in arms, and Athens, the
most glorious in art, of all the old republics, sla-
very prevailed to a greater extent than in any
State of the Union. In Athens, the reputation of
slaves to freedom was about one to one; in Rome,
scarcely less. And yet, with this institution im-
bedded in their very hearts, they lived and flour-
ished, century after century, and reached a mag-
nitude and grandeur of which the history of
modern times affords no example.
Modern free society, as at present organized, is
radically wrong and rotten. It is self-destructing,
and can never exist happily and normally until it
is qualified by the introduction of some principle
equivalent in effect to the institution of Southern
slavery. We do not mean that the whites, or
the laboring portion of them, should hold the
status of slaves. Far from it. They would have
been liberated from the real bondage, poverty and
want, to which free society exposes them. They
are able to be dependent without the hope of re-
demption. The capital their labor creates affords them
in relation to no guarantee against want when their
labor is no longer demanded. They have the right
to labor and pocket their wages, if they can get
it; if not, then they have the glorious right to
starve at their own expense and on their own re-
sponsibility—a privilege which the poor African
slave is not enjoy.

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The true philanthropist does not deal in soft,
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est number," whilst at the same time they punish,
like Moses and Joshua, ignorance, idolatry and
crime, and promote morality, civilization and
Christianity. Howard and Wilberforce were
shame, humbug, who rewarded crime by punish-
ing virtue.

But the intuitive common sense of filibusters
and border-ruffians will soon set all right. Nurs-
ing sinners and savages is going out of fashion.
Log cabin literature has fallen dead in the English
market, and Walker has supplanted Mrs. Stowe
in favor at court. The Plying-green philosophy of
Cromwell and Garrison is about to give way to
healthy, robust, sin-hating and sin-punishing
Christianity. All this will be effected, easily and
naturally, by means of public opinion, enlight-
ened and chastened by experience.

PRIEST-RIDDEN NEW-ENGLAND.

The result of the Presidential Election in New
England proves that a majority of her people have
bowed their necks to the dominion of religious
fanaticism. While their hearts are bleeding over
the condition of slavery in which the negroes of
the South are placed, they are too wholly uncon-
scious that they are the victims of a far worse
servitude themselves. They are the slaves of passion,
of prejudice, of religious tyranny; and yet they
hug their own chains of absolute subjection to pu-
ritanical fanaticism, and think they are doing
God service in shedding tears over the servitude
of Southern slaves, who neither desire nor are in
need of their services. New England is to-day
groaning under a despotism which challenges a
parallel in any other part of the world. They
labor under the delusion that they are freemen,
and they boast loudly of their devotion to freedom.
There is no freedom in New England. The
Church is supreme over the minds of the priest-
ridden people. They do not think for themselves,
but the political oracles of the pulpit do their
thinking. The worst species of despotism is that
in which the mind is enslaved. That is the des-
potism which broods over New England. The
slave of the South is happy and contented with his
lot, and he is no longer a slave, but a free man
by nature for freedom, and he is contented with the
guardian protection which he enjoys from humane
and kind masters. The New England men are de-
luded with the idea that they are free, and yet
they are wearing the chains of enslaved intelli-
gence. They look to their religious teachers
for their thoughts, and they follow the dictates
of bigotry and fanaticism with slavish submission.
They accept whatever falsehood, whether of doc-
trine or of fact, that their religious guides choose
to impose upon them. Church and State are vir-
tually one in New England. Let it be exerted
in dictating the vote cast for Fremont.—Washington
Union.

It would be interesting to know who is the au-
thor of the following contemptible production:—

NORTHERN ADVICE.

The following communication (says the Spartanburg Spartan) from a Northern
man, appeared in a late Charleston Courier.
The advice is good, though we fear it comes too
late.—
TO THE PEOPLE OF THE SLAVE-HELD STATES.
Gentlemen,—In case Fremont is elected, we, the
pro-slavery men of the North, would recommend
that not one pound of cotton, rice or tobacco be
sent to the Northern States. Let it be consumed,
or perished on the ground where it was produced,
rather than let a pound of it come North. We
have here hundreds of factories and over one hun-
dred thousand people depending on your cotton,
and we are Fremont men, and who get their bread
by slave labor, and yet they act against the
interests of the slave States. Let all Southern
produce be kept away from the North, and in less
than twelve months, there will be such a reaction
in the North as to make the most anti-slavery
State have a pro-slavery State. Touch a
Northern man's pocket, and you touch his most
tender part.
A PRO-SLAVERY MAN.
Boston, Massachusetts.

SELECTIONS.

From the Christian Examiner for November.

PRES. LORD'S DEFENCE OF SLAVERY.

There are evidently three ways in which slavery
may be defended by those who feel themselves called
to that work. There is, first, the ground of An-
tiquity; by which they may endeavor to show
that slavery is in itself right, in sight of abso-
lute reason. Secondly, it may be defended on
the ground of EXPEDIENCY, as an institution which
in practice works well. And, in the third place,
it may be defended SCRIPITURALLY, by proofs taken
from the Old and New Testaments. President
Lord has selected the first line of argument; Dr.
Nehemiah Adams has distinguished himself by his
enthusiastic labors in the second field of inquiry;
and an innumerable company of divines have de-
fended this institution by proofs taken from the
Scriptures. It is with the argument in the third
place, as set forth by President Lord, that we now
have to do.

The substance of the propositions in President
Lord's first letter is as follows:—
Prop. I. Ministers of the Gospel ought to con-
sider the question of slavery, from its origin and
foundations, as a question of divine right, rather
than of prudence, policy, or economy.
Prop. II. Slavery is an institution of God, ac-
cording to natural religion.
Prop. III. Slavery is also a positive institution
of revealed religion.

ATCHISON AND STRINGFELLOW CAN- ONIZED.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

More than half a century ago, two good, well-
intentioned men, Wilberforce and Howard, inau-
gurated a new school of philanthropy, which chose
for its subjects sinners and savages. It was a
sort of revival of the Pythagorean philosophy,
a few wandering ascetics, and a few men who
were weary of the world. The effort would have
been innocent, but for the inevitable consequence,
that in making sinners comfortable, you in-
creased their numbers, and made honest men less
comfortable; and in encouraging sinners in idleness
and cannibalism, you imposed heavier bur-
dens on the virtuous.

The true philanthropist does not deal in soft,
affected sentimentalism. He is ready to inflict a
little pain to procure a great deal of happiness;
ready to punish the criminal few to advance the
well-being of the virtuous and honest many;
ready to expel, enslave or exterminate, if need be,
a few wandering cannibals and savages, who mis-
use and abuse the gifts of Providence, to give room,
employment, and comfort to white, civilized,
Christian men. Columbus and Vasco De Gama,
and Cortez, and Captain Smith, and the Puritan
Fathers, and Walker, and Stringfellow, and Atch-
ison, and the true philanthropists—the men who
practically advance the "greatest good of the great-
est number," whilst at the same time they punish,
like Moses and Joshua, ignorance, idolatry and

POETRY.

THE SUNRISE CHIMES.

SUNDAY MORNING.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

List to the chimes,
Gaily ringing!
Slavery, Intemperance, Want and Crimes!
Is the song they are singing;
Singing of these in the holy time
Of the morning hour,
While the dew sleeps heavily on the flower.

List to the chimes,
Gaily ringing!
Slavery, Intemperance, Want and Crimes!
Is the song they are singing;
Of the morning slave in his galling chain,
Of the drunken reveller's aching brain,
Of the homeless child, with weary feet,
Who slept last night on the stormy street;
Of the fallen maiden, so lost, so woe,
Wasting her life in the haunts of woe;
The murdered mother, the starving child:
They are singing of these in a chorus wild.

List to the chimes,
Gaily ringing!
Slavery, Intemperance, Want and Crimes!
Is the song they are singing.
Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye!
(In this home of the brave, this land of the free,
Where the star-spangled banner so proudly waves,
We will sell to-morrow a lot of slaves.)

To the Court House, then,
To-morrow at ten,
For then and there will be sold,
To the highest bidder, for sordid gold,
Jane, Henry, Nora and Ben,
Cesar and Carrie, and Tom and Dell,
And a host beside, all warranted well;
And slaves for life—all Christians, too,
Good hands to cook, and wash, and sew;
And one is a preacher; so ring the bell
For these slaves for life; let them hear the knell
That their fellows toll, their God to mock
O'er his image sold on the auction-block!

Ring, ring, ring!
A merry peal o'er the grog-shop prayer,
Licensed and sanctioned by men of prayer,
As well as by men of crimes.
They hang the bell in the steeple high,
Ring merry peals as the world goes by,
While the grog-shop fills their purses;

A ring, ring, ring!
The merry peal as the world goes by,
Turn their gaze from the earth to the steeple high,
That they see not the woe
That lies reeking below.

They have paid their part for the merry chimes,
They have prayed their prayers o'er the earth's dark
crimes,
And they list well to the merry bells,
Yet hear not a word of the tale each tells
Of the brother slain at the dead of night,
Of the husband hurried away from sight,
Of the young wife shrieking in wild affright,
Of the prison dark, the dark despair,
The sister's anguish, the mother's prayer,
The little ones' eloquent wail of woe,
The old man's groan, with his gray locks low,
The maiden's cry o'er the lover slain,
The felon's curse in his binding chain.
Oh! they hear not a word of the tale each tells,
But laugh with delight at the merry bells!

They have paid their dues
For the sunrise chimes,
And what care they for grog-shop crimes?

List to the chimes,
Gaily ringing!
Wildly they float on the morning air,
Calling the people to early prayer:
Each sound, to my ear, is a cry of despair
From hearts wrong by tyranny, want or care.
Yet still I hear a soft voice singing,
Sweetly it falls on the listening ear
Of all who its gentle tones will hear;
It touches the heart with its endearing clear,
And bids it with hope and faith draw near,
And that love that caresses all fear,
And join in the grand refrain;
'There's a good time coming,' when men will be
True to themselves and humanity;
When the master shall loosen the bondman's chain,
And the slave stand forth as a man again;
When the grog-shop door shall be found no more;
When—instead of a tempter—a guide and friend,
To stay the steps of the weak, and lead
A helping hand and a word of cheer,
Shall be ever ready and ever near,
To lure them away from the paths of strife,
And plant their feet in the ways of life;
When man shall be to his fellow true,
Doing as he would have him do.
Then 'Slavery, Intemperance, Want and Crimes,'
Shall be sung no more by the sunrise chimes;
Then shall be lived out God's own plan,
And a chorus shall sound o'er land and sea,
From the rescued hearts of humanity—
'Peace on earth, good will to man!'

In the holy time,
And the sunrise chime,
Shall answer back, from every clime,
The chorus of angels and men sublime,
'Peace on earth, and good will to man!'

A WALL ON THE WESTERN PRAIRIE.

There's a wall on the Western prairie,
A cry of wild despair;
And from Liberty's wounded Eagle
A shriek breaks on the air.

A shriek that is borne by the waters,
And echoed in forests old,
From the shores of the proud Atlantic
To the sunset 'Land of Gold.'

And the hearts of the brave who listen
Beat high at the daring word,
And the brows of the freemen darken,
As sweeps that cry along.

There's a land of woeless traitors,
Who freedom would enchain,
Who would sell their country's honor
For selfish power and gain.

With the chains they are forging daily
They vow to circle your land;
With the darkest and deepest of curses
Your children's home they brand.

Shall the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers
Bow low at the tyrant's nod?
Shall traitors prove to their noble trust,
To Freedom and to God?

Shall America lose her glory,
And be a land of slaves?
Will ye blush when ye own your country?
Go, view your Father's graves!

Ye are brave, and your proud hearts never
Could brook the captive's chain;
Will ye help them to bind another
To the soul-rack and the pain?

Will ye barter the birthright given,
And sell your souls for gold?
Will ye prove your hearts are darker
Than the brow of him that's sold?

Hark! the voices of freemen answer—
Their cheer breaks o'er the plain;
And the waves of the Kansas hear it,
The prairies smile again.

THE LIBERATOR.

LETTER FROM JOSEPH BARKER.

INTERVIEWS WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

OMAHA CITY, Nebraska, Oct. 22, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND:
In March last, I came to this place, and after a few days' sojourn, resolved, if my family should concur, to make it my home. Since then, I have been repeatedly up and down the Missouri in the St. Louis and Omaha steamers, skirting Nebraska and Kansas, and going through the heart of Missouri. On every journey, I have heard conversations about slavery, abolitionism, and Kansas, and generally, it has fallen to my lot to take part in them. On one voyage, I had a lengthy conversation with a Kentuckian, on another with a Georgian, both slaveholders; and on another with a slaveholder, and an officer in one of the pro-slavery bands of Kansas.

The Kentuckian was an educated and cultivated man, and, so far as I could see, a gentleman; and he neither drank whiskey, nor chewed tobacco, nor disfigured his sentences with oaths and curses. He was, besides, good-tempered and tolerant, and fair and honorable in his reasoning. He had heard me talking with another on the Bible and slavery, and, watching his chance, got me aside, and expressed a wish to talk with me himself on these subjects. On the Bible, his views were liberal, but he did not go so far as myself. He was one of the more latitudinarian of the Universalists. We did not talk long on this subject.

On slavery, we talked longer. He was annoyed at the anti-slavery agitation, and thought it was doing a vast amount of harm. He acknowledged, however, that slavery was a difficult and troublesome affair, but contended that it was lawful, and that the North had no right to meddle with it. I contended that the North had a right to speak its mind on any subject; that this was guaranteed by the Constitution; that men would speak their minds on such subjects, and that it was vain to try to hinder them; that every subject of importance would be discussed in its time—thoroughly discussed; that those which were not discussed in one age would be discussed in another; and that every thing that could not bear discussion must ultimately pass away. I said one of the most suspicious things about slavery was, that it would not bear discussion. He said, in the North, there was no fear that free discussion would overthrow liberal institutions. A Southern man would advocate slavery in every free State of the Union, and no where would the people think their free institutions endangered. But as for the South, it must either put down freedom of speech throughout the country, or leave the North, or allow the North to rule, and let slavery go. Besides, in any case, slavery will disappear. It has already disappeared in all those countries that take the lead in civilization. It has disappeared in England, France and Germany. Holland, Sweden, Denmark and Norway are free from it, and even Russia and Turkey are beginning to abolish it. He even went so far as to say that it could prevail for ever here. Even here we have proof that it is but a transitory state of society. It once existed in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and the rest of the old free States, but it is gone; and it will be everywhere. Society is ever changing; it is ever progressing. It has been so in the past. It is so now. It will be so in the future. And in its progress, slavery, and arbitrary rule, and absolute power, whether in the Church, the State, or the family, must all disappear. It is no use to say that slavery would live if the anti-slavery agitation were put down, for it cannot be put down. You cannot yourself believe that it is possible to silence the advocates of freedom. An attempt to silence them would only increase their numbers and inflame their zeal. He granted it was too late now. I said, it was always too late; it was destined from the first to increase and spread, and it will increase and spread till slavery disappears. No power in the country can prevent its disappearance. It is destined to perish; and the only question with those who are really friends to the country should be, How may we get rid of it with the least danger to the community?

He spoke of intemperance, the inconsistency, the selfishness and the faithfulness of the North, and of the wrongs of the South, &c. I said, I could not undertake to justify the North, nor was the state of society in the North such as I could look on with satisfaction. But these things did not affect the question. Nor was it necessary to discuss the question whether slavery was in all cases and under all circumstances an evil, or whether, in all cases, slaveholders were inexorable offenders against the rule of right. It is enough for me that slavery is inconsistent with the peace, the strength, the prosperity and happiness of the community at present, and that either slavery or the republic must perish.

He asked how I would dispose of slavery and the slave, and I told him. He rather agreed with me. He expressed his satisfaction with what he was pleased to call the fair and rational manner in which I treated the subject, and expressed his opinion that if those of the people generally, the terrible and irritating subject might be got rid of. He at the same time confessed, that at the South, the people would not allow me to utter such sentiments; that though he and some others could listen to them patiently and without offence, the majority would not, especially from a Northerner. But he said I might discuss the Bible question in his State, and have large audiences, and he gave me an invitation to visit his neighborhood, and deliver a series of lectures. His behavior was courteous and gentlemanly during the whole of the journey. He was, in general, honest in argument. When he found a position untenable, he gave it up with a good grace; when he found an argument unsound, he relinquished it, and really seemed desirous to know the truth. Some smaller men, who gathered round us once, would have had him resort to abuse or ridicule, but he would not, and his example seemed to have a good effect on some of them. They seemed to think that if one whom they rather looked up to treated a person respectfully, they must do so too.

The Georgian who had served in the Kansas pro-slavery company was of quite a different stamp. He was but poorly dressed, and had been but indifferently educated, and he was not an example of perfect temperance, though I never saw him drunk, nor even bordering on drunkenness. He came on board at one of the Kansas landings, in company with the leader or commander of the company, named Curry. They were attended at the landing by a dozen or fifteen of their followers, most of whom seemed to be drunk, and some of whom were very boisterous. They were perpetually calling out, five or six at a time, 'Curry, good-by,' 'Safe journey, Curry,' 'Curry this, and Curry that, and Curry every thing. The boat stuck at the landing, and the sailors had some difficulty in getting her adrift, and the noise of the drunken rowdies made it difficult for the sailors to hear the orders of the mate. Some one—one of the passengers, I believe—at length said, 'Shut up; the men can't hear the mate for your noise.' Immediately, one of them drew a pistol, and prepared to fire at the offender; but another, less drunk, seized his arm, and dragged him away.

I made up my mind to have some talk with Curry as soon as we should be fairly on our way, but I found him too reserved and shy. But I got into conversation with his subaltern. At first, we talked of Kansas and the doings of the armed bands that had gone thither. He did not much like the war. It was neither pleasant nor profitable. He had spent part of his time in visiting the Indians in Kansas and Nebraska. He had done but little fighting, and did not intend to do any more. I said to him, 'You are a Southerner, and all your opinions, prejudices, habits and tastes are in favor of slavery, I suppose?' He said, 'They are.' 'Well, I am a Northerner, and all my opinions and tastes and feelings are in favor of freedom. Most of what I have

heard about slavery has been against it. Will you tell me just what you have seen of the institution, and all that you know of its working? Tell me what particular advantages it has over free society. I would really like to understand the subject.' He readily consented to become my teacher, and we chose out a place where we could sit alone, and he began. 'Well, negroes are not fit for freedom. They would not work if they were not forced; and they could not govern themselves nor take care of themselves. And what could we do with them if they were set at liberty? There would be no living. They are happy as they are. They don't want to be free. You could not persuade them to leave their masters. When they run off, they often come back. They are better off than the free laborers in Northern cities, and a vast deal better off than the people of Ireland, or the working classes in England.' I said I understood they had a great deal to do to prevent slaves from running away; that they had patrols, and particular regulations about passes; that they had laws against teaching slaves to read and write, lest they should learn something about the free States and Canada; that whites from the North were not allowed to talk to the slaves; that no man was allowed to speak against slavery publicly, even to the whites, much less to negroes, and that the Fugitive Slave Law was considered necessary to get the runaways back. How is it? What is the real truth on all these points?

My teacher seemed to think that he had rather a difficult task, but he did his best. 'It was the Northern abolitionists that had made some of the slaves discontented, and that had obliged them to pass strict and severe laws,' &c. &c. 'But,' said he, 'you know the Bible sanctions slavery.' 'I am aware of that,' I answered. 'That settles the question,' said my teacher. 'Yes,' said I, 'for those who take the Bible as an authority.' 'You surely don't disbelieve the Bible,' said he. 'Not the whole of it,' I replied; 'but I don't regard the Bible as the word of God—as the oracle of all-perfect being. I do not, therefore, think a thing right because the Bible sanctions it, or think it wrong because the Bible forbids it. I am not a Jew, nor am I a Christian. The Bible, to me, is of no more authority than the Koran, or the Book of Mormon.' 'Then I must give you up. I can't prove slavery right, only by the scriptures.' 'But would you carry slavery as far as the Bible would allow it? The Bible authorizes the enslavement of whites as well as blacks. It authorizes the Jews to hold each other in slavery, and to make slaves, chattel slaves, of all the world besides. If the Bible principle were fully carried out, all the Gentiles—that is, all the world, except the Jews, ourselves among the rest—would have to be slaves.' He doubted. I gave him the passage. He was surprised. He then asked me my reasons for not believing the Bible, &c. He seemed never before to have met with a man who did not believe the Bible—who was neither Jew nor Christian—and he was very anxious to know my reasons for my strange opinions; but he had nothing more to say on slavery.

Further down the river, a fellow-passenger told me a horrible story of a doctor in one of the river villages, who used the slaves that came into his hands so cruelly, that most of them ran away, and who was so disliked by many of the neighbors on that account, that they would neither sell him a slave nor lend him one for hire.

At one of the landings, on Sunday, stood a colored man, carrying a child on one arm, and having another, a little larger, by the hand. A woman, his wife, I suppose, stood near, with a child in her arms, and four others clustering round her, holding on by her dress. A coarse, ill-natured, vulgar man, a passenger, landed there. He was the legal owner of the whole—the husband and wife, and their seven children. They were his cattle. He was breeding and rearing them for the market. Some of the passengers uttered filthy and revolting jests on the scene; but I felt very strange. It was a sad, a horrible sight.

We frequently saw groups of slaves at the landings on Sundays; slaves of various ages, but not often of both sexes. We saw very few females. The young men were, generally, but coarsely and meanly clad. Their clothes seldom seemed clean, and they were not often whole. Sometimes the poor creatures seemed merry and playful; but in general they seemed sad, spiritless, unhappy.

On going down Locust street, St. Louis, the last time I was there, I was struck with a sign hanging over the door of a dirty, old looking and decaying house, on which was painted—NEGROES BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION. A white man sat in the doorway, reading, and another, near one of the windows, seemed poring over an account book. One young negro was sweeping the floor of the yard at the end of the house, and two good-looking young women were looking out of the windows of their prison-house. This was another horrible sight to me, and again I felt myself strangely, sadly, horribly affected. I had never seen such a sight before. How in the world could men, Americans, pretended republicans, attend in that house, in open day, on such a business? It is a dreadful thing.

The last time I came up the river, I passed the first five days in reading, or in talking with my son. We had many fellow-passengers, but no one spoke to me, and none seemed disposed to encourage me to speak to them. I said, at length, to my son, 'This is the first time I have travelled on the Missouri, without having some one on board that knew me.' It seemed plain, however, that at this time not one of the passengers knew me, or wished to know. This state of things continued till we had got past Leavenworth, in Kansas. The evening after, when we had got above the dangerous districts, a fellow-passenger said, 'Mr. Barker, will you sing us a song?' I was astonished; some one did know me, then. By and by another spoke, and then another, and another, and I at last found out that there was scarcely a person on the boat, male or female, that did not know me. After this, I had frequent conversations, sometimes with men who were rude, ill-mannered, unfair, untruthful, unmanly; sometimes with better and more agreeable persons. The master was one who said he was a Northern man by birth and education, and had spent seven years in the South. He was the meanest of the mean.

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